



First Turk—I had my fortune told yesterday.  
Second Turk—What did they tell you?  
First Turk—To beware of a short, dark man with a pleasant expression and an appetite for turkey.



APPROPRIATE.  
Cannibal Cook—Was your Thanksgiving missionary roasted to suit you today?  
Cannibal Chief—Well, done, good and faithful servant.

### A THANKSGIVING REUNION.

She was a woman of 40, and her eyes were full of tears and grief as she sat on her face. It was Thanksgiving Day, and out on the streets the sleigh bells jingled merrily and happy thousands were hailing the day. There was no happiness for her, however. She sat thinking of her husband, who had been reported drowned at sea a month before. Last Thanksgiving they had sat with their arms around each other and talked of love and the rosy future. On this day she was a widow, and despair was in her heart. She was weeping and thinking of the dark future, when there was a sudden step in the hall, the sitting-room door was kicked open and a familiar and hearty voice cried out:

"Shiver my timbers, but why wasn't you down to the depot to meet me and pay my street-car fare up?"

"Oh, Rich—Richard, you were not drowned after all!" exclaimed the wife, as she rose up and precipitated herself into his arms.

"Drowned? No. The fancy sal went down, but I floated 1,400 miles on the main hatch cover, and here I am as good as new. Gimme a quarter till I go out and fill her up, and then I'll tell you all about it!"

And the reader cannot fail to see that passing from gloom to joy is just as easy as falling off a log, if you know how.

JOE KERR.



I floated 1,400 miles on the main-hatch cover.



GREAT SCHEME.  
Wife—Goin' ter have plenty of big turkeys this Thanksgiving.  
Maid—How?  
Wife—Goin' ter put a trap outside of her turkey-house, an' then I'm goin' ter feed that sucker an dried apples an' make 'em drink plenty of water.



CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.  
The Old Rooster—I don't see why you call yourself a Thanksgiving turkey? You wasn't killed for Thanksgiving.  
Turkey Gobbler—Of course, I wasn't. That's why I'm a Thanks-giving turkey.

### THANKSGIVING MEMORIES.

"Ah! what a change from a year ago," he sighed as he stood shivering in a public doorway while the wind-laden snow whirled and screamed around him. "Last Thanksgiving I resided in a large and commodious stone house. There were many to wait on me and keep things in order. There was steam heat to chase out the cold. There was hot water handy. There was a doctor at my right and a chaplain at my left. By no possibility could burglars break in and despoil me. I had more money than I could spend, and I and 684 of my friends were gathered around me to help celebrate the day. Think of that and then gaze on this! Is it any wonder that my tears fall and my heart swells with grief as I think of the past—of only a year ago—of 'Sing Sing on the Hudson'?"

And then the howling wind howled some more—the blowing snow blew for business—the cold ripped up and down his back and brought shivers and gooseflesh, and a cop came along and said he would break his blamed neck if he didn't head for the North Pole.

JOE KERR.



Said he would break his blamed neck if he didn't head for the North Pole.



I feel so very nervous  
The Turkey Gobbler said  
I fear I'll loose my reason  
If I do not loose my Head



EARNED IT.  
The Duck—What right has Old Strut got to wear a mortar-board hat?  
The Turkey—The Barnyard College made him a doctor for discovering a sure cure for obesity among turkeys.



WHY FARMER TURNIPS HAD NO THANKSGIVING TURKEY: OR, THE WISE BIRD.

### THANKSGIVING BELLS.

"Julia, darling," he had said to his wife after their Thanksgiving breakfast, "I will run over to the store for three or four hours today and look over the books. I want to see how many hundred thousand dollars I have made this year, and how many bushels of diamonds I can buy you at Christmas time."

"You dear, ducky darling, run along," she had replied as she kissed him on the left ear and giggled in a girly way.

Four hours later and he came staggering back. He seemed to have aged 200 years in the interval. He was bow-legged, hump-backed and lop-shouldered. His eyes were sunken, his side whiskers wilted and his cheeks caved in.



In the sewing machine drawer is the sum of \$2,045,345.27.

"Great heavens, Walter, but what is the matter?" asked the wife as he fell into the room and uttered a dismal groan. "I am ruined!" he managed to gasp after getting hold of the floor with his toes.

"Ruined?—How?"

"Instead of making hundreds of thousands of dollars, I find that I am almost a million to the bad. I can't pay the hundred-thousandth part of a cent on the dollar."

"Is that all?" asked the little wife, with a smile of joy. "Darling, you are saved. We have been married three years. You have given up a million dollars a year to run the table on. In the sewing-machine drawer there I have at this moment the sum of \$2,045,345.27. It is yours. Take it and let's celebrate the day with lobster and champagne."

JOE KERR.

### THANKSGIVING REFORM.

It was a cold Thanksgiving morning. The ten-year-old girl shivered under the ragged quilt and wished she had a bottle of tabasco sauce to warm her up.

A step on the stairs. Then other steps and a man with a mask on his face stood at her bedside and threw the rays of a dark lantern on her face.

"Well?" she queried after awhile.

"I am a burglar, and I am after your diamonds!" he hoarsely replied. "Give them up at once or you are a dead duck!"



"I have no diamonds. I haven't even an auto or a brownstone house."

"I have no diamonds. I haven't even an auto or a brownstone house. Unfortunately election bets on a sure thing have taken my all and rethoed me to this."

"Jeminy Christmas, but is that so?" whistled the burglar. "If it is then I have wasted seven cents' worth of my valuable time."

"It may not be time wasted," she observed. "I want to talk with you about the business of being a burglar, and so being forward figures to prove to you that as a political grafter you can beat burglary ten to one. Sit down 'till I talk to you."

He sat down, and before 6 o'clock that evening she had thoroughly convinced him that he should drop his present profession and go into grafting, and he rose up and blessed her and passed out into the night with a new song in his heart. She was poor and lowly and cold and hungry, but she was a reformist.

JOE KERR.



OLD BIRD.  
Wife—The man who killed that turkey should be arrested for cruelty to animals.  
Hubby—Well, he didn't have very much respect for old age.



IN DOUBT.  
Mr. Noollewed—Ah! cooking, eh? Making some mince pies for Thanksgiving?  
Mrs. Noollewed—I hope so, Fred, but the can of pumpkin was so much bigger than the can of mince meat, I'm rather afraid they'll turn out to be pumpkin!

### A THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

It was on a drawing-room car on a train speeding towards New England, and the hour was 9:30 in the morning. There were but few passengers in the car. One of them was an old, old man, who had to walk with the help of a crutch. His hair was white as snow, his face wrinkled and drawn, and one could see by his weary eyes and shaking hands that he had not long to live. The old man had been trying to read a newspaper. Of a sudden he threw up his hands and fell back. The car porter ran to him and cried out:

"Sah, do not die until you have given me my tip! I shan't make \$2 on dis yere trip!"

But the spirit of the old man had fled. Death had come like a lightning stroke.

The other passengers gathered around and the conductor came.

"Too bad—too bad!" sighed several voices in chorus.

"Well, I dunno," replied the conductor. "He was going back to the place of his boyhood for Thanksgiving. He was fattening himself on eating some of 'mother's pumpkin pie' again after 40 years' absence. Had he lived to get there he would have eaten it and suffered agonies for a day or two, and then died. It is better that he died here and as he did. No extra charge will be made any of the rest of you, and money will be returned to any dissatisfied passenger."

JOE KERR.



THANKSGIVING PUZZLE.  
The farmer's brother is trying to catch their Thanksgiving turkey. Can you find the man and the bird?